

Thomas Johnson.

THE CIRCULAR.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—Daniel XII, 4.

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

VOL. III.

WILMINGTON, Del. FRIDAY, November 5, 1824.

NO. 27.

THE CIRCULAR,
Is Published every Friday,
AT NO. 97, MARKET-STREET, WILMINGTON,
By Robert Porter.

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.—PAYABLE AT
THE EXPIRATION OF THE FIRST SIX MONTHS.
—ANY PERSON WHO PROCURES SIX SUBSCRIBERS,
AND WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
PAYMENT, SHALL BE ENTITLED TO A COPY

OUR SUBSCRIBERS, who are indebted to us for the CIRCULAR, and who cannot make it convenient to call upon us, are requested to pay the amount due us, to either of the following Agents, who are duly authorized to receive and receipt for the same.—AGENTS will please transmit to us by mail, at our risk, the sums received by them respectively.

Agents

FOR THE CIRCULAR.

DELAWARE.

M. Kean, Esq. New-Castle and Christiana
A. K. Russell, New Ark
Samuel Bell, Solon and Pencader
Joseph Wilson, Middletown and Smyrna
Benjamin Ogden, Lewistown
Ashbel Strong, Laurel
John Sutton, Esq. P. M. St. Georges
Charles Tatman, Esq. P. M. Cantwells Bridge.
J. Emerson, Esq. P. M. Frederica.
Daniel Goodwin, Esq. Milford.

MARYLAND.

Rev. James Magraw, & T. Cole, Rising Sun, &c.
William Finney, Bell Air.
Samuel Park, Peach Bottom, &c.
Samuel Martin, Chanceford &c.
Thomas B. Balch, Snow hill.
Thomas Kennedy, Berlin.
John B. Siemens, Princes Ann.
George Morris, Bell Air.
R. H. Davis, Baltimore.
Mr. Samuel Hogg, Elkton.
Mrs. Mary Simpson, North-east.
Samuel Hogg, Esq. Charleston.
Mr. Alex'r. S. Boulden, Churchtown.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Rev. John Smith, Aston, &c.
William Latta, Warren.
John D. Perkins, Coatsville.
Jas. Latta & Capt. T. Stewart, Black Horse.
E. K. Dare, Unionville, &c.
Robert Graham, and J. N. London & Roads,
J. W. Cunningham, esq. Cochranville.
Robert White, Paradise.
Joseph Barr, Little York.
Stephen Boyer, Marietta.
Orson Douglas, Brandywine Manor.
J. N. C. Grier, Chestnut Level.
Francis A. Latta, Lancaster.
William Ashmead, Piquette.
Amzi Babbitt, Paper-Mill.
James Steele, Esq. P. M. Oxford.
D. Lefevre, Esq. Clingen's P. O.
Mrs. Jane P. Clingen, Salisbury.
William D. Slaymaker, Esq. Earle.
John Wallace, Esq. P. M. Columbia.
John M'Kissick, Esq. Mount Joy.
O. Hendrickson, Esq. P. M.

La Fayette at the Tomb of Washington.

The solemn and imposing scene of the visit of LA FAYETTE to the tomb of Washington took place on the 17th ult. About one o'clock the General left the Steam Boat Petersburg at anchor, off Mount Vernon, and was received into a barge manned and steered by Captains of vessels from Alexandria, who had handsomely volunteered their services for this interesting occasion. He was accompanied in the barge by his family and suite, and Mr. Secretary CALHOUN. On reaching the shore, he was received by Mr. Lewis, the Nephew of Washington, and by the gentlemen of the family of Judge Washington, (the Judge himself being absent on official duties,) and conducted to the ancient mansion, where, forty years ago, he took the last leave of his "Hero, his friend, and our country's preserver." After remaining a few minutes in the house, the General proceeded to the Vault, supported by Mr. Lewis and the gentlemen relatives of the Judge, and accompanied by G. W. Lafayette, and G. W. Custis, the Children of Mount Vernon, both having shared the paternal care of the great Chief. Mr. Custis wore the Ring suspended from a Cincinnati Ribbon. Arrived at the sepulchre, after a pause, Mr. Custis addressed the General as follows:

"Last of the Generals of the Army of Independence! At this awful and impressive moment, when, forgetting the splendor of a triumph greater than Roman Consul ever had, you bend with reverence over the remains of Washington, the Child of Mount Vernon presents you with this token, containing the hair of him, whom, while living, you loved, and to whose honored grave you now pay the manly and affecting tribute of a Patriot's and a Soldier's tear.

The Ring has ever been an emblem of the union of hearts, from the earliest ages of the world, and this will unite the affections of all the Americans, to the person and posterity of Lafayette now and hereafter; and when your descendants of a distant day shall behold this valued relic, it will remind them of the heroic virtues of their illustrious sire, who received it, not in the palaces of princes, or amid the pomp and vanities of life, but at the laurelled grave of Washington. Do you ask—

Is this the Mausoleum, befitting the ashes of a Marcus Aurelius, or the good Antonius? I tell you, that the Father of his Country lies buried in the hearts of his countrymen, and in those of the brave, the good, the free, of all ages and nations. Do you seek for the tablets, which are to convey his fame to immortality? They have long been written in the freedom and happiness of his country. These are the monumental trophies of Washington the Great, and will endure when the proudest works of Art have "dissolved and left not a wreck behind."

Venerable man! Will you never tire in the cause of freedom and human happiness? Is it not time that you should rest from your generous labours, and repose on the bosom of a country which delights to love and honor you, and will teach her children's children to bless your name and memory? Sure where liberty dwells, there must be the country of Lafayette!

Our fathers witnessed the dawn of your glory, partook of its meridian splendor, and oh! let their children enjoy the benign radiance of your setting sun; and, when it shall sink in the horizon of nature, here, here with pious duty, we will form your sepulchre, and united in death, as in life, by the side of the Great Chief, you will rest in peace, till the last trump awakes the slumbering world, and calls your virtues to their great reward.

The joyous shouts of millions of freemen hailed your returned foot-print on our sands. The arms of millions are opened wide to hug you to their grateful hearts, and the prayers of millions ascend to the throne of Almighty Power, and implore that the choicest blessings of Heaven will cheer the latter days of Lafayette!

The General having received the Ring, pressed it to his bosom, and replied:

The feelings which, at this awful moment, oppress my heart, do not leave me the power of utterance. I can only thank you, my dear Custis, for your precious gift, and pay a silent homage to the tomb, of the greatest and best of men, my paternal friend!

The General affectionately embraced the donor, and the other three gentlemen, and gazing intently on the receptacle of departed greatness, fervently pressed his lips to the door of the vault, while tears filled the furrows in the veteran's cheeks. The key was now applied to the lock—the door flew open, and discovered the coffins, strewn with flowers and evergreens. The General descended the steps, and kissed the leaden cells which contained the ashes of the great Chief and his venerable consort, and then retired in an excess of feeling which language is too poor to describe.

Previous to re-embarkation, Mr. Custis presented the Cincinnati Ribbon, which had borne the Ring to the vault, to Major Ewell, a veteran of the Revolution, requesting him to take a part of it, and divide the remainder among the young men present, which was done, and a generous struggle ensued for the smallest portion of it.

Not a soul intruded upon the privacy of the visit to the Tomb; nothing occurred to disturb its reverential solemnity. The old oaks which grow around the sepulchre, touched with the mellowed lustre of autumn, appeared rich and ripe, as the autumn

honor of Lafayette. Not a murmur was heard, save the strains of solemn music, and the deep and measured sound of artillery, which awoke the echoes around the hallowed heights of Mount Vernon.

'Tis done! the greatest, the most affecting scene of the grand drama has closed, and the pilgrim who now repairs to the tomb of the Father of his Country will find its laurels moistened by the tear of Lafayette.

THE SCENE AT YORK-TOWN.

Address of General TAYLOR on behalf of the Virginia Volunteers, to General LAFAYETTE, on the 19th ult. at York-Town, with the reply of the latter:

GENERAL TAYLOR'S ADDRESS.

General: On behalf of my comrades, I bid you welcome: they come to greet you, with no pageantry intended to inspire by its novelty or dazzle by its splendor; but they bring you, General, an offering, which wealth could not purchase nor power constrain. On this day, associated with so many thrilling recollections—on this spot, consecrated by successful valor, they come to offer you the willing homage of their hearts.

Judge, General, of their feelings, at this moment, by your own. Every thing around them speaks alike to their senses and sensibilities: These plains, where the peaceful ploughshare has not yet effaced the traces of military operations; these half decayed ramparts; this ruined village, in which the bomb's havoc is still every where visible, tell us of past warfare; and remind us of that long, arduous, and doubtful struggle, on the issue of which, depended the emancipation of our country.

On yonder hillock the last scene of blood was closed by the surrender of an army; and the liberty of our nation permanently secured. With what resistless eloquence does it persuade our gratitude and admiration for the gallant heroes to whose noble exertions we owe the countless blessings which our free institutions have conferred upon us!

The spot on which we stand was once a redoubt occupied by our enemy. With how rapid a pencil does imagination present the blooming chieftain, by whom it was wrested from his grasp! Can we be here and forget, that, superior to the prejudices which then enchain even noble minds, he perceived in the first and almost hopeless struggles of a distant and obscure colony, the movement of that moral power which was destined to give a new direction and character to political institutions, and to improve human happiness? Can we forget that, deaf to the solicitations of power, of rank, and of pleasure, with a noble prodigality, he gave to our country his sword, his treasure, and the influence of his example?

And when, in the aged warrior who stands before us, we recognize that youthful chieftain, with what rapidity does memory retrace the incidents of his eventful life! With what pleasure do we see his manhood realize the promise of his youth! In Senates or in camps, in the palaces of Kings, or in their dungeons, we behold the same erect and manly spirit; at one time tempering the licentiousness of popular feeling, at another, restraining the extravagance of power; and always regardless of every thing but the great object of his life, the moral and political improvement of mankind.

General: In the brightest days of antiquity, no artificial stimulus of rank or power, or wealth, was required to excite noble minds to acts of generous daring. A wreath of laurel, or of oak, was at once the proof and the reward of illustrious merit. For this, statesmen meditated, warriors bled, & eloquence soared to its sublimest heights. The prize was invaluable, for it was won only by merit. It detracted, however, somewhat from its worth, that it was conferred by the partiality of compatriots, and in the fervor of admiration inspired by recent success.

Your life, General, illustrious throughout, in this also is distinguished. Time, which dims the lustre of ordinary merit, has rendered yours more brilliant. After a lapse of near half a century, your triumph is de-

creed by the sons of those who witnessed your exploits.

Deign then, General, to accept the simple, but expressive token of their gratitude and admiration; suffer their leader to place upon your veteran brow the only crown it would not disdain to wear—the blended emblems of civic worth and martial prowess. It will not pain you, General, to perceive some scattered sprigs of melancholy cypress intermingled with the blended leaves of laurel and oak. Your heart would turn from us with generous indignation, if, on an occasion like this, amid the joyous exclamations which greet you every where, were heard no sighs of grateful recollection, for those gallant men who shared your battles, but do not, cannot, share your triumph. The wreath which our gratitude has woven to testify our love for you, will lose nothing of its fragrance or its verdure, though there hang upon its leaves some tears of pious recollection of the friends of your early youth: in war the avenger, in peace the father of his country.

In behalf, then, of all the chivalry of Virginia; on this redoubt, which his valor wrested from the enemy at the point of the bayonet, I place on the head of Major General LAFAYETTE, this wreath of double triumph—won by numerous and illustrious acts of martial prowess, and by a life devoted to the happiness of the human race. In their names I proclaim him alike victorious in arms and arts of civil policy. In bannered fields a hero; in civil life the benefactor of mankind.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE'S REPLY.

I most cordially thank you, my dear General, and your companions in arms, for your affectionate welcome, your kind recollections, and the flattering expressions of your friendship. Happy I am to receive them on these already ancient lines, where the united arms of America and France have been gloriously engaged in a holy alliance to support the rights of American Independence, and the sacred principle of the sovereignty of the people. Happy also to be so welcomed on the particular spot where my dear light infantry comrades acquired one of their honorable claims to public love and esteem. You know, sir, that in this business of storming redoubts, with unloaded arms and fixed bayonets, the merit of the deed is in the soldiers who execute it; and to each of them I am anxious to acknowledge their equal share of honor. Let me, however, with affection and gratitude, pay a special tribute to the gallant name of HAMILTON, who commanded the attack, to the three field officers who seconded him, GIMAT, LAURENS, and FISH; the only surviving one, my friend, now near me. In their name, my dear General, in the name of the light infantry, those we have lost, as well as those who survive, and only in common with them, I accept the crown with which you are pleased to honor us, and I offer you the return of the most grateful acknowledgments.

From Cowper's Letters.

DR. YOUNG, AUTHOR OF THE "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

"Dr. Cotton, who was intimate with him, paid him a visit about a fortnight before he was seized with his last illness. The old man was then in perfect health. The antiquity of his person, the gravity of his utterance, and the earnestness with which he discoursed about religion, gave him, in the Doctor's eye, the appearance of a prophet. They had been delivering their sentiments upon Newton's Prophecies, when Young closed the conference thus: 'My friend there are two considerations upon which my faith in Christ is built upon a rock. The fall of man, the redemption of man, and the resurrection of man, the three cardinal articles of our religion are such as human ingenuity could never have invented, therefore they must be divine—the other argument is this:—If the prophecies have been fulfilled (of which there is abundant demonstration,) the scripture must be the word of God: and, if the scripture is the word of God, Christianity must be true.'"

Revival.

IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of the London Bap. Mag.

SIR,—Two pious German ministers of the reformed church, named J. Christian Reichart, and J. George Wermelskirk, gave me, this morning, the following account of the revival of religion in Germany.

It was not till since the close of the war, that any general attention was excited respecting evangelical religion. Five years ago, there were five or six ministers belonging to each of the churches in Berlin, which amount to twenty-one, but not any of them evangelical persons; now there is no church, where there is not, at least, one pious evangelical pastor, preaching the doctrines of the gospel, and adorning it by their conduct.

In the University of Berlin, there are thirty or forty pious students. One of the professors, of the name of Tholock, about twenty-five years of age, who knows fifteen languages, is in the practice of receiving these every Wednesday at his own house, for the purpose of giving them religious instruction. About ten of these usually associate with my informant on a Saturday evening, at the University, for praying with them, and for reading and expounding the scriptures. Four of the professors in the University are pious evangelical men. One of these, named Neander, Professor of Evangelical History, is a converted Jew, of good reputation, and considerable standing.

When Professor Tholock was, some time since at Copenhagen, he inquired, for a long time in vain, at the University, after pious young men: at length, by accident, a person, who called at the inn, was discovered by him as being of that character, and he introduced him to a considerable number of pious youth, who were earnestly seeking after God.

The pious students, who have been mentioned as at the University of Berlin, were from different German Universities, and their statement respecting them was, that in all of them there were devoted youths, consecrating themselves to the service of God.

At Erlangen, in Bavaria, there are in the University three Professors: one of whom has the reputation of being one of the most learned men on the Continent.

At Basle, in Switzerland, they were informed, by one of their companions, that, in the year 1818, about twenty young men were brought to know the grace of God in truth. As they had no evangelical instructors, they frequently met together for reading the scriptures and prayer. One of these is engaged by the London Society for promoting the conversion of the Jews; and another, named Burkhardt, brother to the late excellent Missionary of that name, is an assistant minister with Dr. Steinkopf, in the Savoy, London.

At Albufelt, in Prussia, there is a minister of the Lutheran church, named Doering, the apostle of the age. He pays particular regard to young persons. On a Monday evening, he collects at his house about two hundred unmarried men; and on a Wednesday evening, about forty young ladies; for the purpose of giving them religious instruction. He is indefatigable in visiting the prisons and hospitals, distributing religious tracts, and has been the instrument of the conversion of many to the knowledge of Christ. In all this vicinity, the churches are supplied with, at least, twenty evangelical pastors. The people, when they want a minister, no longer inquire for those who are distinguished by their literature; but they say, when one is recommended to them, "Is he a pious minister?"

A minister, named Conrad, about thirty years of age, who preaches in a church in Berlin, has an excessively crowded congregation of six or seven thousand hearers: he lately preached several sermons from "Ye must be born again." The churches are forsaken where the gospel is not faithfully preached.

The same spirit of opposition exists there as in this country against evangelical religion. If they observe any one listen attentively, or appear serious and devout, they call them, by way of reproach, "Head hangers."

A person, from the neighborhood of Brunswick, gave the following account. "Above five years since, there was not one pious person in all the neighborhood, nor any evangelical minister. Two farmers were walking in their fields, when one of them, as if his mind had been instantly impressed with the subject, said, 'We possess all these riches but we never returned thanks to God, the giver of them. Surely we ought to do so. Come, let us kneel

down, and give thanks to God, and seek his pardon and blessing.' They enjoyed so much pleasure in this exercise, that they resolved to meet at one of their houses on a Lord's-day evening for praying and searching the scriptures. Their wives soon united with them. Others, who observed them thus assemble, asked, 'What are you doing? We will meet with you.' Thus, persons from different villages were collected, till the room was over crowded. These meetings were held in other adjacent villages, until there were ninety or an hundred serious persons. At length, one of the Lutheran pastors in the neighborhood became an enlightened man, and now they all attend upon his ministry."

These revivals are attributed to the establishment of Bible and Missionary Societies; and the work of conversion has been so rapid, especially among students in the Universities, that scores of pious youths are burning with ardour to be employed in Missionary labors in any part of the globe.

The two ministers, who are very serious, well-informed persons, who related the above facts, are about to visit Poland, in the service of the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews. J. I.

20, Harpur-street, July 2, 1824.

RELIGIOUS.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

We make the following extract of a sermon, delivered by one, who was wholly devoted to the cause of missions, whose breath was exhausted in behalf of those suffering for the bread of life, and whose remains now slumber beneath the consecrated turf at Brainerd:—

"Brethren and friends—Suffer me to ask, why are you here in these hallowed courts of Jehovah? Why are you come to mount Zion, the city of the living God? Why are you lifting your eyes and your hopes up to the high throne of divine mercy, in prospect through the one Mediator, of a holy, and glorious immortality? Why rather, are you not bowing in a temple of idols? Why are you not paying your blind devotions to the host of heaven, or to stocks and stones? Why are you not, with hideous orgies, surrounding an altar to ~~demons~~, reeking with the blood of your immolated children? Why are you not groping in the horrible darkness of gentilism, utterly without God, and without hope in the world? It is because the Sun of Righteousness has risen upon you. To the gospel, to the gospel of Lord Jesus Christ, you are indebted for all the benefits of his holy worship; for all your divine consolations in life, and for all your devoted hopes, for yourselves and your children, of everlasting felicity. Oh! the inestimable privilege you enjoy, and the immense obligations you are under. And can you then ever forget, or can you remember without deep concern, those of your fellow men, to whom the gospel is not preached? No, you cannot forget them; neither can you remember them without the tenderest emotions. You view them with solicitude; you commiserate their deplorable condition, you long to impart to them the blessings you enjoy.

"Well then, ye tender, generous spirits, you have now an opportunity suited to your noblest wishes. It is in behalf of our destitute brethren in the remote parts of our country, and our still more destitute brethren in yonder wilderness, that we are to cast our offerings into the treasury of the Lord. How affecting the scene! How interesting the object! God is present, Christ is present, angels are present, to witness our liberality for the salvation of our fellow men!

"Does any one ask, 'How much should I contribute?' Permit me to return the question to yourself. On a fair estimate of the things of this world, in relation to those of the world to come, how much, as an accountable steward of the Lord's bounty, can you give? Is it a difficult question? Shall I then refer you to the apostles and primitive Christians, who, in a similar case, held their whole substance, and even their lives, sacredly devoted? Are you still in doubt? Go then, I beseech you, to Him, who though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. Go to the summit of Calvary, and ask the dying Redeemer of the world how much you shall give. Are you yet unresolved? Go then, at last, to the tribunal of God, and attend the solemnities of the final day. Go, see the Saviour on the throne of judgment, in the glory of his Father, with his ecclesiastical retinue,

and all the nations of the world summoned before him. See the earth on fire, the heavens rolled together as a scroll, and eternity opening in boundless prospect before you: hear the address of the Judge, first to them on his right hand, and then to those on his left; and while these are going away into everlasting punishment, and those into life eternal, listen to the shrieks of the one, and to the songs of the other. Admit to your mind the first impression of these amazing scenes; and then determine for yourself what you must give.

"Standing in view of the great day of God, what to us is money? What is its highest use? Is it not to promote the grand design of Immanuel's death in contributing to the salvation of perishing men? Yes, the poor widow's two mites, thus laid up in that rising kingdom, which is to survive the conflagration of the world, is of more, incomparably more worth, than all the riches of the Indies invested in the best earthly stocks, or appropriated to the most splendid earthly purposes. Rather would I meet on the hill of Zion, one, to whose arrival there I had the felicity in the smallest degree to contribute, than to be possessed here of hoarded or funded millions. Rather, infinitely rather would I have a part in the gracious address of the final Judge 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,' than to obtain for ages on earth, the highest honors and praises of applauding millions."

THE FATHERLESS AND WIDOW'S SOCIETY.

This interesting Society, the very name of which is enough to gain for it the approbation of the humane, and the respect of all, has now been in existence during a period of seven years; and in this time more than \$2,500 have been collected and distributed for the relief of nearly 800 widows and fatherless children. How much misery has thus been prevented, how much happiness conferred, it may not be easy for those to conceive, who have never felt either the sorrows of bereavement, or the pinching hand of poverty. But the subjects of this charity know—they have many of them declared, in eloquence more expressive than that of language, how full of consolation was even the small assistance which the Society could afford them, at such a time and administered by such benevolent hands. The Almoners of the Society have exercised a careful discrimination in distributing their bounty,—never furnishing aid in money, but only in such articles—fuel, food, clothing, &c.—as were needed at the moment, and which but for them must have been needed in vain.

There is a modesty in some widowed females, which will not obtrude itself upon the eye of reluctant kindness—it chooses rather to suffer in silence and poverty—it calls upon no one but God. At such an hour perhaps, there enters an unknown friend, with the words of consolation on her lips and the smile of benignity in her eye. It is a messenger from the Society for the relief of the widow and fatherless. She comes to "deliver the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him;"—to dry up the tear of despondency, and supply the wants which others would not regard even with a look of compassion. She does so: and as she retires, the blessing of them that were ready to perish comes upon her;—she "causes the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Such is the Fatherless and Widows' Society; and the interest which seems to be awakened in its behalf, is, in some degree, worthy of its noble design.—*Bost. Tele.*

TO CHRISTIANS.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another."

"O may we find the ancient way
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the world around to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

We believe our blessed Saviour is peculiarly glorified in the union of His own children. What He repeatedly prayed for, in His interesting prayer, no Christian should dare to think unimportant,—"*that they all may be one; that they may be perfect in one.*"

And what are we doing for the fulfillment of these prayers? How fervently do we plead for these great blessings? O Lord, thou knowest.—Let each one of us now confess his sin, and cry, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" If we are faithful, He will enable us to "thresh mountains," and to him be all the glory.

It appears exceedingly desirable, that Christians should not only unite in heart,

but in prayer and in effect;—that "with the voice together they should sing." Surely all, who are going to the same heaven, should delight to unite in prayer on earth, and not refuse on account of what they consider the errors of other sects and denominations, provided they are agreed in loving the Lord Jesus. We should desire their sanctification as well as our own, and be on such terms of fellowship with them, that, if we think any of their conduct is an injury to religion, we may go and tell them as brethren, even "as we should wish them to do unto us." O that we might feel, that, though many members, we are yet but one body; and, if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; and if one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." Who that reads the second chapter of the Acts, can doubt that the disciples were then emphatically "one in Christ Jesus?" And when the same spirit again pervades the church, we may hope for similar, and even greater triumphs of the cross; for the latter day glory will have commenced its bright career. "Lord hasten the hour."—*ib.*

DIFFERENCE AND AGREEMENT.

The following article from the *New-York Religious Chronicle*, is, with some additions, from the pen of a female in England, and beautifully illustrates the harmony which is prevailing among the various denominations of Christians.

It was Sabbath morning. All the bells were ringing for Church, and the streets were filled with people, moving in every direction. Here crowds of well dressed persons, and a train of charity children were thronging in at the doors of an Episcopal church. There large numbers, equally gay in dress and fashionable appearance, were entering a Presbyterian house of worship. Up one street, a Roman Catholic congregation were turning into their chapel, every one crossing himself with a finger dipped in holy water, as he went in. The opposite side of the street was occupied by a long train of Quakers, distinguished by their plain but neat attire, and sedate aspect, who walked without ceremony into a room as plain as themselves, and took their seats, the men on one side and the women on the other, in silence. A spacious building was filled with an overflowing crowd of Methodists, most of them plainly habited, but serious and devout in their demeanor; while a large society of Baptists in the neighborhood, quietly occupied their place of assembly.

Presently their different services began. From some of the assemblies were heard the slow psalm, and the single voice of the leader of their devotions. The Episcopal churches resounded with the solemn organ, and the indistinct murmurs of the people, following the minister in responsive prayers. The Catholic chapel was enlivened by strains of music, the tinkling of a small bell, and the perpetual change of service; and unvarying look and posture, announced the self-recollection, and mental devotion of the Quakers.

In observing these different modes of worship, the question is naturally suggested, why do not these people go to the same place, and worship God in the same way? The answer is at hand. Because God has directed the mind and spirit only with which he is to be worshipped, and not the particular form and manner; that is left for every one to choose, according as suits his temper and opinions. Religion is one of the things in which mankind seem made to differ.

The several congregations now began to be dismissed, and the streets were again filled with persons of all the different sects, going promiscuously to their respective homes. It chanced that a poor man fell down in the street, in a fit of apoplexy, and lay for dead. His wife and children stood around him, crying and lamenting in the bitterest distress. The beholders immediately flocked round, and with looks and expressions of the warmest compassion, gave their assistance. An Episcopalian raised the man from the ground, by lifting him under the arms, while a Presbyterian held his head and wiped his face with his handkerchief. A Roman Catholic lady took out her smelling bottle, and assiduously applied it for his restoration. A Methodist ran for a doctor, a Quaker supported and comforted the woman, while a Baptist took care of the children. Here is a thing in which mankind were made to agree.

Bishop Chase, of Ohio, has returned from England, where he has collected more than \$44,000 for the establishment of an Episcopal Theological Seminary in his diocese.

THE CIRCULAR.

WILMINGTON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

Missionary.—In the beginning of the present week, a gentleman visited our Borough, who has been sent out by the *Foreign Missionary Society of New-York*, for the purpose of soliciting donations in aid of the object of that benevolent Institution—and which is the christianization of the different tribes of Indians in our country. We are informed, that though this Association has adopted the name of *Foreign Missionary Society*, its sphere of action is limited to the United States—that name was chosen with a view to distinguish it from a Society already existing in this country, bearing the name of *Domestic Missionary Society*, and whose objects are similar to the former.

The above Agent informs, that the Society has sent Missionary Families to six or seven different stations, among the Indians—that many Indian youths have been collected, and schools opened at each, and much good has already resulted from their unremitting labors—that, in the prosecution of the great object of this Society, much expense has been necessarily incurred—that debts have been unavoidably contracted for the benefit of the mission, to the amount of from six to 9000 dollars—and that, now, no alternative remained for the Society, but either to recall the Mission Families, from their prosperous work; abandon the philanthropic and religious cause of christianizing our savage brethren; or to make one more united effort, by calling upon their benevolent Christian brethren for pecuniary aid.—And they chose the latter, in the confident hope, that God would graciously bless their attempt, to extend the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth.

The Agent is travelling south from this place. He will call upon the charitable of every Christian denomination, to contribute their mite in this good cause. We wish him abundant success in his labor of love—God speed him.

Sabbath Schools.—The more we examine the judicious system of these excellent "nurseries of the Lord;" and the more we reflect upon the lasting good they are so eminently calculated to effect on the young and rising generation; the more we are convinced of the just claim they have on the particular attention and encouragement of the Christian public.—Let him, who is not acquainted with the mode of instruction pursued in, and the benefits resulting from, these blessed institutions, enter the well regulated *Sabbath School*, and there witness the astonishing progress in Christian knowledge, made by the poor little immortals—let him, there too, witness the anxious and parental efforts of the industrious Teacher, to instil into the tender minds of youth the wholesome precepts of evangelical truth.—Let him, also, behold, in these Schools, the indigent adult of from 30 to 50 years old, patiently applying himself to his A, B, C, or spelling book, the key, which is to unlock to his mind, the hidden treasures of the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ, as contained in the Holy Scriptures. We say, let him witness these things, and we are certain, he will most cheerfully contribute all in his power to promote the prosperity of the Sabbath Schools.—It is here, the faithful teacher, by divine assistance, sows the good seed into the intellectual ground prepared by himself; which, in due season, will spring up, and bear fruit to the honor and glory of God, and the salvation of many immortal souls.

Jefferson College.—We learn, by a reference to the late annual commencement of this Institution, which took place on Thursday, the 30th of Sept. last; that the degree of A. B. was conferred on 17 or 18 students; and that of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. JAMES RAMSEY, Charters, and also on the Rev. SAMUEL MARTIN, York, Pa.—The interest excited by the exercises of the day, was greatly increased by an Oration delivered by JAMES PERRY, an Indian of the Chickasaw nation, first in his own native language then in English—his own composition. After the delivery of this oration, a collection was made for aiding Indian missions. We have this oration on our file, and agreeable to request, shall insert it in the next Circular.

It will be gratifying to the benevolent public to know, that there are now at the above College, (in Washington, Pa.) two Indian youths of very promising talents.—The one who delivered the oration is about 20 years of age, and has attended this College but one session.

The "Upland Union" of the 2d inst. says, "On Saturday morning last, Judge Darlington pronounced sentence of death upon Michael Monroe, otherwise, called James Wellington."

For the Circular.

SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.
This ecclesiastical Judicatory held its Annual Meeting at Harrisburg on the 27th October, and was opened with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. E. S. Ely, from 1 Cor. iii. 9—15.

The Reports on the state of religion were on the whole less encouraging than usual. An abstract will probably soon be published.

That part of their transactions in which the people of this region will feel the deepest interest, was the *Division of the Presbytery of New-Castle*. All the ministers and congregations on the Peninsula, south of Middletown and Drawers (including these two churches) were formed into a new Presbytery to be called the "*Presbytery of Lewes*". Their first Meeting is to be held in Buckingham church, on the first Tuesday of April next, at 11 o'clock A. M. to be opened with a Sermon by the Rev. John B. Slemmons, or in case of his absence, by the oldest minister present. The licentiates, Messrs. Strong and Getty were placed under the care of the new Presbytery.

The churches west of the Susquehanna with their Pastors, to wit, the Rev. Dr. Martin, and Messrs. Parke, Finney and Morrison, were recommended to join the Presbytery of Baltimore, and in case of consent, are to be considered as set off to that Presbytery.

After a very harmonious session of two days, the Synod adjourned to meet in Baltimore, in the church, in Tammany Street, on the last Thursday of October next, at 11 o'clock A. M.

Gen. LAFAYETTE arrived at Richmond, (Virginia,) on Tuesday, the 25th ult. where he was received in a manner worthy of the grateful sons of that patriotic State.—At a dinner there given him, a bottle of wine was placed before the General, which was made in 1757, the year in which Lafayette was born. On the 27th ult. he was received by the young Ladies of Harmony Hall Academy, and by the Scholars of the Sabbath Schools—one of these, a very small, and interesting little girl, presented him with a wreath, accompanied with an address, delivered in a dignified and graceful manner. After which Mr. Turner addressed the General, concluding with these words:—"I do, therefore, with much pleasure, in the name of the Young Ladies of Harmony Hall Academy, present to you this Certificate, announcing the fact, that you are a member, for life, of the Bible Society of Virginia."—The General made a very tender and affectionate acknowledgment of his gratitude for this testimony of esteem—expressed his acceptance of it—and concluded by tendering the young Ladies his parental blessing.—The sum contributed was \$50.

The General was then met by 500 children of the Sabbath Schools, a little boy of one of which, addressed him with much propriety, in behalf of the Superintendants, Teachers and Pupils of the Sunday Schools in the City of Richmond, then assembled—next a little girl delivered a poetical address—and again a boy came forward, ascended a table, and spoke a beautiful piece, as is stated, "in the style of first rate oratory."—Lafayette seemed highly gratified with these performances—took the little boys by the hand—received their kisses—complimented their style of speaking—and, we hope, inspired them all, with desires for improvement.

The Greeks and Turks.—By late accounts we learn, that the Greeks have re-taken Ipsara. They burnt 3 Turkish frigates and many smaller vessels, and put 7000 of their enemies to the sword. A letter from *Leghorn* of Sept. 1, states, that "There arrived here a vessel from Salonica, the Captain of which deposed at the Office of Health, that more than 4000 Greeks made a descent on Epanomy, with more than 40 boats, and beat completely the Turks who were there. The Pacha having heard of this defeat, flew to their assistance with 2000 men, cavalry and infantry, and 4 pieces of cannon, and was obliged to retire to Salonica. The 2d of Aug. the Turks returned to attack the Greeks, but were again repulsed. After the combat, the Greeks embarked, and went to Salinis, which is still nearer Salonica, where they were again attacked by the Turks on the 3d and 4th of Aug.; but these latter were once more repulsed. The Greeks then left Salinis, and landed at Caterina—but the result of their movement is not known, as the vessel sailed before any thing further had taken place."

A salute was fired at Rio Janeiro, Aug. 27th, in honor of the acknowledgment of the Independence of Brazil by the U. States, as indicated by the reception of its Envoy.

Reward of Merit. At the late annual Fair in Pawtuxet, R. I. twenty five Ladies received premiums for productions of their industry and ingenuity.

Friday, the 15th ult. was observed in Charleston S. C. as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, on account of the afflictions, with which it has pleased Providence to visit that city.—The Southern Intelligencer says, "The prayers offered up on that day we hope will be answered, and that the Destroying Angel, who has been permitted to go forth, and whose power has been felt in almost every family, will be commanded to afflict us no more."—Twenty-six deaths were reported in Charleston, S. C. in the week ending the 17th ultimo.

Among the articles presented at the Agricultural Exhibition at Hartford, Conn. was a most superb Cloak, the collar lined with moleskins, and the silver clasp handsomely marked with the name of the President of the U. States, for whom it is designed as a present, by Miss Susan H. Hubbard, of Wintonbury, who is the ingenious maker of this beautiful article.

Delicate Compliment.—While in Baltimore, a gentleman, at the request of three Ladies of Fredrick-town, Md. presented Gen. Lafayette, at the Exchange, with a plant, emblematic of their wishes—it was called *LIFE EVERLASTING*.

The Society in Scotland for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, has existed for nearly 120 years. 264 schools, with 13,541 scholars, are supported by this Society, together with 11 missionaries, 16 catechists, and 38 superannuated teachers, at an annual expense of £4251.

The Presbytery of Philadelphia, at their session last week, licensed the following young men to preach the Gospel:—James H. Stuart, Charles Thompson, Alvin H. Parker—and received under their care as candidates for the ministry;—Thomas L. Janeway, John McKlaskey, Thomas W. Irvin, George Printz, Henry Aured, and Jas. Irvin, recently from Ireland.

SCHOOLMASTERS.

Schoolmasters are almost the only class of men in the community who are not regularly educated with some view to their profession. Apprenticeship for the meanest of the mechanic arts, the counter for the tradesman, the desk and the files of the counting-room for the young merchant,—time and labor and previous preparation for all, are considered indispensable. But with the business of school-keeping, the most important of any single branch, it is otherwise. Those, who are liberally educated, and they alone are qualified for it, always aim higher; they never think of it as their employment, till driven by necessity, unless they fly to it as a temporary refuge from idleness, and then they promise themselves to give it up and make their escape as fast as they possibly can. So universal is this, indeed, that an exception would seem to us very extraordinary. We never heard of a young man, who went to college for the purpose of qualifying himself to be a schoolmaster.

It is no answer to these remarks to say, that the knowledge a student may acquire and the discipline he must undergo in the course of a liberal education, are sufficient for the purpose. The possession of wisdom is a different thing from the faculty of communicating it; and a man may know very well how to learn himself, without being able to teach the art to others. Besides, the communication of knowledge is a very small part of even intellectual education. The pupil is not to be limited to the capital stock of his preceptor. It is the love and the power of acquiring,—it is warmth, and enterprise, and energy in the pursuit, that he principally wants. So that a man may have a fine genius, and a great deal of learning and an admirable talent at imparting it, and yet be very poorly fitted for a schoolmaster after all. One without any of these noble qualities, who could simply awaken curiosity and ambition, would be infinitely more certain of success. This is indeed the great art of early instruction. The immediate accumulation of knowledge ought to form no part of the first object of him who superintends it. Let the child feel an interest in the work himself; let him be led into the field, and inspired with ardor for the pursuit, and it is of little consequence

whether he gets learning or not; the chase is always worth more than the game.—He is sure of vigor and firmness and resolution, and a keen, growing appetite for action; and these are the powers which are capable of commanding all the resources within the reach of the human intellect.

Why then should not the profession called schoolmasters give some little time to a direct preparation for the interesting business they have undertaken? It is a branch totally separate and distinct from every other. It employs a very numerous class of men; neither of the learned professions probably is so large. The demand for them is constant and invariable. Their situation must introduce them into the highest ranks of society and among the most enlightened and influential men. Lastly and principally, their business is one of the deepest interest and of the utmost importance to us. The pliant, flexible disposition of youth, the opening germs of mind, the formation and stamp of the character, moral and intellectual, all indeed that we hold most dear and valuable through life, are originally put into their hands for direction; and yet they have scarcely thought for a moment,—it had never occurred to them in the form of any inquiry,—what they have to do, much less how the great work is to be accomplished.

U. S. Lit. Gaz.

SUMMARY.

From the United States Gazette.

We regret to learn that the venerable Bishop WHITE, whilst on an Episcopal visitation through the State, has been thrown from a Gig, and had his arm fractured near the wrist. The accident occurred on the 25th inst. near Lewistown, Mifflin County, where he is at present, and doing as well as under the circumstances could be expected.

The above intelligence is derived from a letter from the Rev. Mr. KEMPER, who is with him, and which mentions that the Bishop is now receiving every possible attention.

American Colonization Society.—The Board of Managers of this Society have determined to send, if possible, two vessels to Liberia with emigrants, this fall—one to sail from James river, and the other from some point further North, not yet designated.—*Col. Star*.

New-York, Oct. 28.—The French brig *Cosmopolite*, arrived at Port-au-Prince on the 5th inst. with the Haytian Commissioners on their return from an unsuccessful mission to France. The failure of their attempt at negotiations produced a deep sensation at Port-au-Prince, and a general spirit of animosity against the French residents, who, it was believed, would be obliged to flee from the place.

GREECE experienced a dreadful shock from the landing of the Turks on the island of Ipsara, on the 2d of July; but their unparalleled sufferings roused the latent energies of this bleeding country. The Greek fleet from Napoli di Romania, sent to succor Ipsara, arriving too late to effect that object, landed a large body of troops on that island, who put to death all the Turks left on it and embarking sailed for Mytilene, in search of the Turkish fleet which they attacked and took, destroyed or run on shore 3 frigates, 55 gun-boats, 8 sloops and a corvette.

The British East India government have sent an efficient force of more than 20,000 men against the Burmese. We fear for the safety of the Baptist missionaries in the latter country. Let the prayers of christians ascend to heaven for their preservation; for "prayer moves the hand that moves the world."

The Turks have a force of 100,000 fighting men at Scala Nuova and it is said intend an attack upon Samos.

Some of the Polish Rabbins have taught dying Jews to pray, "If the Messiah be come, and if Jesus of Nazareth be He, Lord have mercy upon my soul for His sake."

Died,

At New-Orleans, on the 19th Sept. of Yellow Fever, Mr. ROBERT BRIGGS, Printer, aged 28 years.

Of has the weary Printer lock'd
Death's Daily Record in his Chase;
Now Death has lock'd the Printer up,
Within his cold and sad embrace!

• The deaths by yellow fever, are published daily in New-Orleans.

Poet's Corner.

"To awake the soul by tender strokes of art."
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

From the Boston Telegraph.

THE MONTHLY CONCERT.

I love the consecrated hour,
When saints in holy concert meet,
To bow before the eternal Power,
And worship at the Saviour's feet.

'Tis sweet to dart faith's piercing eye,
O'er the vast globe's amazing bound,
When thousand bands of Christians lie
Before the throne with awe profound.

The Hindoo on the Ganges' shore,
Swells the soft anthems as they rise;
And where the western billows roar,
Warm orisons ascend the skies!

Angels who chaunt the heavenly lays,
Forget to strike their golden strings!
And bend to listen to the praise,
Which every gale bears on its wings.

'Tis sweet the new-born month to greet,
To leave our mortal cares behind;
And find before the Eternal's seat
A solace for the weary mind.

'Tis sweet to lift the streaming eye,
And feel each tender passion move,
For wretched Pagans doom'd to die,
Unconscious of a Saviour's love.

'Tis sweet;—for sure there is an ear
An eye which sees the falling tear,
A hand to wipe the tear away!

THE LAST DAY.

What means this change of scene, this dismal gloom?

And why does nature such a face assume?
Why is such horror marked in every face?
Why does each countenance indicate distress?
Why does the voice of lovely music cease?
The organ, dance and song no longer please?
Why does proud laughter into mourning turn?
Why mirth and folly now no longer known?
Why from their orbits are the stars removed?
And why is Cynthia veiled in crimson blood?
Why does the Sun forget to lend his light,
And chain the gloom of "universal night?"
Why does strong death unloose his mighty chain?
Why does the grave unlock her gates again?
Why does the sea roll back her mighty deep,
Give up the dead, that 'neath her billows sleep?
Why do the thunders shake the heavenly frame?
Why do the lightnings wrap the world in flame?
Why like a drunkard, reels this trembling ball,
And in convulsions, back to chaos fall?
JEHOVAH comes! HE bows his throne on high!
He treads the earth! He mounts the lofty sky!
The trumpet sounds! By HIS supreme command,
The dead must rise, and now in Judgment stand!
O day of vengeance! O most direful scene!
No band of angels can the sinner screen;
No arm above can shield him from the rod,
Mountains below can't hide him from his God!
Must I be there? And must this soul of mine
"Depart" with sinners or with angels shine?
No longer sleep, in haste, make no delay,
Prepare, my soul, for this tremendous day. (Z.H.)

Lines written by a Lady in Massachusetts,
as an acrostic, on the death of her beloved Pastor.

Death, king of terrors! where is now thy sting?
A saint, when on a dying bed, can sing.
Void of all fear he leaves his house of clay.
In Jesus' arms he breathes his soul away.
Dark scenes are past; he soars to heavenly day.

Stript of mortality, behold him rise;
Angelic guards attend him through the skies.
No more his sacred men can meet our eyes.
Fair as the sun I seem to see him stand
On hills of light, with palm and harp in hand;
Rais'd to full bliss he hails the world above—
Drinks of the river of eternal love.

By the same Lady, on the view of his entering his tomb, where his wife, and some of his people had been before laid.

My bosom friend; my neighbors; here I come.
My work is done; with you I'm gather'd home.
Now mourning friends, go back; & cease to moan;
Prepare to follow—I shall not return.
Your fathers, where are they? The prophets die.
Their dust with other men's in ruins lie.
My ministry no more shall entertain;
While sun and moon and men on earth remain
No! from these lips no Gospel more you'll hear;
No more my warnings fall upon your ear.
These lifeless hands henceforth are cold & dead,
Which many years broke you the living bread.
The sacred truths you've heard, oh faithful hold;
Good fruits maintain; nor let your love grow cold.
My dust still preaches, though I'm here no more;
Hear, then, the import; and our God adore.
Then, when you're call'd to meet the solemn day
Of death, and you in turn must soar away;
O let us meet in the bright world above,
To sing th' eternal glories of redeeming love.

Recent accounts from the Mission in Ceylon are of a very flattering nature. All the stations have been favoured with the merciful visitations of the Holy Spirit, and sixty or seventy natives have recently given evidence of a saving interest in the merits of the Redeemer. Others are inquiring what they shall do to be saved.

RELIGIOUS.

From the Christian Secretary.
THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

Behold the spirit struggling in the agonies of dissolving nature;—how does she strive to maintain her fortress against the king of terrors? If she looks for aid to earthly friends she receives no succor. The eyes wild, glaring and sightless; the lips purple and quivering; the pulse tremulous and fluttering; the palsied limbs, the cold and clammy sweat; the rattling phlegm; the dying shrieks, announce the triumph of death! Cold as the marble, the lifeless form has the ghostly appearance of a conquered victim, by the cruel spoiler. The swellings of Jordan waft the spirit to that far distant country from whose bourne no traveler returns. Such is the certain end of all;—'Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return,' saith the great arbiter of life and death.—But is the Creator unkind? or why this awful sentence and this tremendous conflict? In the sacred volume we learn that man is a sinner. 'Sin hath entered the world and death by sin and so death hath passed upon all, even in that all have sinned.' But is there no antidote for this universal malady? Listen, to the voice which speaketh from heaven. 'Oh Israel thou hast destroyed thyself but in me is thy help found.' A Saviour for guilty man is provided. 'his blood cleanseth from all sin; the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Jesus has conquered death and brought life and immortality to light in his glorious gospel, and while this gospel reveals the awful condition of the obstinate and impenitent beyond the grave—it also speaks peace to the contrite soul—it reveals a Saviour who was baptized in suffering, who has also felt the sharp pangs of dissolving nature, bearing our griefs and carrying our sorrows, and who through death hath virtually destroyed him who hath the power of death, which is the Devil, and laid a firm foundation, on which his friends may build their hopes of eternal salvation, so that the true believer may now triumphantly exclaim in view of the grim tyrant, O Death where is thy sting, O Grave where is thy victory! In the Lord have I righteousness and strength, he also has become my salvation.

O Christian fear not to approach the gloomy vale, it is only the shadow of death, the substance is taken away; the sting is removed; in this dark entry the star of Bethlehem reflects his cheering rays, it is the place of triumph and not despair. Here the Christian triumphs over his last enemy, his imperfections are lost in this river of forgetfulness, the shades of death are exchanged for the abodes of light, and death is swallowed up in victory.

Jesus can make a dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are;

While on his breast I lean my head

And breath my life out sweetly there.

Fly then to the Saviour and make your judge your friend.

MEMORY AND THE GRAVE.

Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that even he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him. But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation. There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the course of intimacy. There it is we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendants—its most watchful assiduities—the last testimonies of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—O how thrilling pressure, of the hand—the last fond look of the glaring eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence—the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.—Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—of every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition.—If thou art a child and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband and hast ever caused that fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy love—if thou art a friend and hast ever wronged in thought, word or deed the spirit

that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover and hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, and every ungentle action will come thronging back upon the memory, and knocking dolefully at the soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.—Then weave thy chaplets of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave, console thy broken spirit if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affection over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

Youth's Department.

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE GIRL.

A true Story for Sunday School Children.

Once, a long time ago, and a great way off, there lived a little girl, whose name I do not know, or the names of her parents, nor what kind of people they were; and yet I can tell you something very interesting about this little girl, and what I tell you shall be quite true. The country in which she lived was invaded by a foreign army.

Now, whether this little girl went to the field of battle or not I do not know, nor is it of any consequences. Certain it is, however, that she was taken prisoner, quite away from her dear friends, and carried to a foreign country, where all the people were strangers to her. Poor little girl! Perhaps at first the new scene she witnessed, the new faces, the new manners and customs, might cause her to forget, for a little while, her native country; but when she was alone—when she lay down at night, or first awoke in the morning—oh! what a load would she feel on her mind; how often would her pillow be washed with her tears, and her tender little heart feel ready to burst, when she thought of her father and her mother, of her sisters and brothers, and of all the delights of her own dear home. Do not you pity her? To be sure you do; for who can help feeling for the poor little captive girl, in a land of strangers, without any kind friend to wipe off her tears and to comfort her aching heart?—Well my children, let us feel thankful that we are not in a similar condition.

But now I have something better to tell you. There is no situation so painful and so distressing, but it might be much worse; no judgments so severe, but they are mingled with mercy.—Accordingly, the next thing I have to tell you about this little captive girl, is, that she was placed in a very respectable family, as what you would call lady's maid; and by this I should think she was very civil, modest and obliging in her manners; for such children are always likely to have the best places. I cannot tell you what kind of a lady her mistress was; but her master, we may be sure, was a very kind man, for his servants used to speak to him just as if they were speaking to a father. He was a famous captain in the army, or perhaps what, in the present day, we should call a general; and he commanded that very army which took the little girl prisoner. He was a very rich man, and a great favorite with his king; 'Oh, what a happy man!' perhaps some of you are thinking; and I do not wonder at your thinking so at all. But, with all his honours, and riches, and grandeur, this little girl's master was not happy, for he was—a leper! poor rich man. How mistaken we are, you see, if we suppose that people must be happy because they are rich?—Now try and remember this, children. The rich have their troubles as well as the poor. Then be contented with the station in which providence has wisely placed you.

But to return to our story. It was a very good thing for the general that he took this little girl to live in his family; for she proved a great blessing to him, and I will tell you how. Seeing her kind master so much afflicted, and possessing a feeling heart, the thought came into her mind, that in her own country there lived a good man, whom the people called a prophet, and who could work miracles. Well, she thought what a good thing it would be, if her master could go and visit this prophet; for she felt sure that if he did, he would soon be cured of his leprosy. Delighted with the idea, she lost no time in mentioning it; and the result was, that her master went to the prophet, was cured of his leprosy, and what is better still, began we believe, from that time, and in consequence of his taking that journey, to know and love, and fear,

and serve, and honor, and worship the great God of Heaven and earth, the living and true God, instead of the idols which he had been used to worship.

And now I have finished my story; for I cannot tell any thing more of the little maid; though she was a good little girl, and that now she is in heaven, that happy place, to which all children go when they die.

And now, children, why, think you, did I tell you this little story? Was it merely to amuse you with a pretty little tale? No; for I do not think that would be right on the Sabbath day; and it was on a Sabbath day that I first of all related it to some Sunday School children. The truth is, I have two reasons for telling you this story; and the first is, to recommend to you the book in which it is printed. I do not mean to say that it is in print exactly word for word as I have told it you; for sometimes I altered the words, to make them so plain to you; and now and then I put in a word of advice, and made a few other observations, as all Sunday School teachers should. But if you will reach down the Bible, and read the 5th chapter of the second book of kings, you will find a great deal of what I have been telling you, and a great deal more besides; such as the name of the country where the little girl lived, and where the prophet lived, what was his name, and the name of the little girl's master, and where he lived, and the name of the idol he worshipped, and the names of some famous rivers in his country, and the name of a river in the prophet's country, which at first the general was so proud as to despise, though he afterwards took the affectionate advice of his servants, and found it good advice. You will find, too, how thankful he was, and how generous, and what good resolutions he made. And the chapter finishes with an account of the prophet's servant, whose name I think I need not tell you; for what good Sunday School child could not at once tell the name of 'the man who was struck with a leprosy for telling a lie?' So, you see, the Bible is not such a dull book as some people foolishly think it is.

But now let me mention the second reason why I have told you the story of the little captive girl. It is to show you how much good even little children can do, if they will. Oh! how wrong it is in any one to say "I am so young, or so poor, or so despised, or in a situation so mean and unfavorable, that it is quite impossible I should do any good. What can I, a poor Sunday Scholar, do?" why a great deal indeed, if you will. You have just read the story of a poor little girl—a servant girl, a captive girl, to whom her rich master was indebted for the cure of his leprosy, for the salvation of his soul. Not that she could cure his leprosy; but she told him of one who could, and did. —Well my children, you can do more than this; for you can tell your friends and companions, of one greater than that prophet; of one who came to heal the broken hearted, and to cure the diseases of the mind and the soul—Jesus, the son of God, "whose blood cleanseth from all sin."—My dear children, may you and I be willing to wash in that fountain which is opened for sin and uncleanness, that we may be purified from sin, and be made holy and happy for ever and ever.

FEMALE PIETY.

Religion in a female secures all her interests. It graces her character, promotes her peace, endears her friendship, secures her esteem, and adds a dignity and worth indiscribable to her deeds. How sweet! when the mistress of a family is the handmaid of the Lord—when the mother of the children is an example of piety—when the wife of the bosom is espoused to the Redeemer, how desirable that the daughter be a chaste virgin of Christ! that the songstress of the temple belong to the heavenly choir! How pleasant when the absent husband can think of home, and reflect that angels watch that place, who may guard the interest and health of his heaven-born companion, and the children of the covenant! When about to leave her a widow, and commit to her exclusive care his helpless offspring, how consoling if her character is such as that she can lean upon the widow's God, and put her children under the guardianship of him, who is the father of the fatherless! Then he quits the world calm and happy, supported by the hope, that he shall meet them in heaven.

Religion has peculiar sweetness when it mingles with the softness of the female character; so the dew-drop borrows odour and color from the rose.

Ladies' Garland.